Desolation Pondered

All this metal gleams
In the desolate moonlight
The discarded remains
Of rockets…..bombs……
And atomic lust

This is a dream
That will never cease
Its smoldering

Irradiated vineyards
Touched by the blade
Of an insane Aries

Minefields harvest the bones
Of squads sent out
To retaliate

Ash…..ash…….
Smoke and boiled tin
A tattered flag
Still stands in its futility

Silence holds court
The radio towers wither away
All of those voices
Gone out to the stars
Never to return
Perhaps…..they are all that is left

***

Movie Ticket

A winter rose
Is what fills me with terror
It should not be
The machinery behind the screen
Is passing along
Subtle revelations
Perhaps fate is guided
By the reels played
Through this film projector

Cinema is both mortuary and temple
The many eyes both blessed and afflicted
By the radiance of the unknown
The unknown is often an artillery shell
The unknown will blast its way
Through conventional architecture
And confining states of consciousness

Yet the unknown is also
Often a breath of wind
A swaying reed
A snowflake on the window

Candles and electricity
Complete the offering
In movie theaters
New disciples are found
They will carry through this world
The destiny of image

Through tinted mirrors
We may all appear
In hues of red
And the sky behind us
May appear as if it were
A final and everlasting twilight

****

Zone Rouge

It is as if this night
Drifted across this No Man's Land
Dragging its wings
Across this forest of steel
Mud…..and trajectory

A hopeless banishment
I surrender
To the star's hypnotic legions

Battlefield flares
And angelic appearances
Tracers pierce the shroud of the closing eyes

Horrors are born here
That will reawaken
Beneath a thousand phases of the moon

****

Unholy Exile

I don't feel it anymore
The immaculate…….fiery…….oil lamp
I feel the jagged rocks instead
Under my feet
A desert of poison
Marooned bones
Scattered like rosebuds of gasoline
Coral forest vaporized
This old timepiece stopped
Right underneath the guillotine

Find us new redeemers
In the asphalt winter
Cigarettes singe the veils
Of statued angels upon the tombs
A garden of thorns and scorpions
Petrol cans silhouette the horizon
Twilight is now
A catacomb of voices
I can hear them across
The radio desolation

Sunlight……sunlight……
Raw flame and smoke
Rising to Valhalla in neon
The liquor stores sanctified
In ceremonies of the blood moon

Tidal pulls and electric disillusion
Dust covered scrolls

Taste the nectar of the end

Beautified and banished
Thorns piercing skin
Wounds offered
To the radiant sacrifice
Visions of altars and eclipse in Mexico

Atomic…….atomic…..
A new century is revealed
Digitized politburos
The stars and night irradiated

Islands of missile test failures
Space junk downing seraphim
The oasis where a mechanized legion
Sank in quicksand

Tongues of the viper
Welcome us to unholy exile
Wires and antenna
Revolt against the innocent
Viewers of screens
In a solitude of detachment

Bodies inked and cattle prodded
Tasered and smoked up
To gonja Babylon
The city fanged with cameras

O' my cries
Of lonely beer bottle repentance
Walking alleyways……midnight near

Numb to the street noise
And serenades of police sirens

Somewhere up in those tall buildings
Wireless oblivion
Images eroding
Eyes and minds
Of the modern-day soul

*****

Tonight.....I am not asleep

Tonight….. I am not asleep
Neither am I awake
The voices come through windows
And seek to overtake
I draw the battle lines
With a barricade of thought
The clock will soon strike twelve
And nothing will disappear
My skirmishers
Shall meet them first
And hold them at the gate
The voices send
Their auxiliaries closer
But golden eagles await

We shall meet this fate with bayonets
Ivy and dispelling commands
We shall march
As great legions once did

We shall send them back to the winds
Idols…….false idols
All of them
We shall maroon them upon the shores
Upon islands scorched by the Byzantine armada

***

(untitled)

Silhouettes…..their laughter
From dimly lit
Oceanic corners
In the cathedral of the here-after
A long time…… and not once
Forgotten
You were always within the mirrors
Throughout my life
You were always
Reflected back at me
I saw you there
Your realm perceived with dimension
You were often
An anchor and chain
Dangling from the moon
So soon has eternity
Revealed its diamonds from a distance
Light years and minarets
Over the loudspeaker
Echoes that shake the spirit

***

City Sketch

Yes……it is an avenue of starlight
Where we reside
Where we abide
By the decree
Of the golden obelisk
Standing in the city park
Standing like Nebuchadnezzar's
Towering reflection
In a mirror of the gate

Things come through
Sometimes…….late
When midnight glows in faintness
Of the gaslight

We align our sextants
To the crystal fires of the Pleiades
We navigate from the balcony
And chart the expanse of epiphany

We shall hold moonlight
Within silhouettes
We shall capture in our flask
The immortal elixir
In cascades of lunar offering

We shall receive omen
From the Vestal voice

That echoes across
The mirage of night

****

Take Me to the Edge of the Stars

Take me to the edge of the stars
This morning…..full of ocean
These eyes…..these visions
Adrift……flowing with tides
To where Athena sounds
The mariner's bell
Through the heaviest fog
A shrouded isolation
What voice can tell
The horizon of light

O' this day
Is a kind of night
In contradiction
The bell tolls nine
And the Sun climbs through
The etheric vines and hidden thorns

Out here……I have seen
The false islands
The remnants of dreams
The gilded spires rising

Yet…..none of it is real
None of it breathes
The desolation of this sea
Marooned bones
Sing to me
I can hear them
As the sky returns
To mythic fire

Take me to the edge of the stars
I will be content
To see no more
Or to see everything
Within a valley of shells

****

(untitled)

I can see it all so clearly
That big bright moon
Shining down
On the old balcony
Here in this city
Where some sleep
By the light
Of the flowing neon……..prophecy

It was written about
In old quatrains
Somewhere in France
By night

And candlelight

In secrecy
So that no white robe would know
They kept the fire burning
Throughout the night
To bring Destiny's visions
Into sight

It was a sort of verse
To traverse
The Universe

****

Mirror Vision and a Deck of Cards

I didn't know about it then
That what we see in the mirror
Is just pretending to be real
It's someone else there looking back
Something else…..this I swear

It's just a deck of cards
Thrown up in the air
Inside of a smoke-filled
River boat cabin
Then scattered by the ceiling fan

The Jacks, the Queen, the King and the Ace
All given up
To the fortunes of chance
And the serenity of knowing nothing

The swift wind
Hits the marsh reeds
Like a blade……of Alexander

Upon isles of stone
The tripods smoldering
Incense offered
To the gallery of sovereigns

****

(untitled)

Here it is
The vastness
A dimmed sky
An absent Sun
A plateau of remaining reverence
Here it is
The midnight shadow
Of the temple
Solitary
Yet reaching out
In alchemical voice
To an infinity of stars

Here the ashen earth
Subdues the idols
Of an antiquity felt…..electric
And realized
Graced with the aura of Apollo

Nine venomous serpents
Seek for spirit and body
To confine to the marbled isle of repose
Where the vines consume
The remembrance of a thousand years.

***

Crystal Ball

Crystal ball there
Brought down
From the wall
We look within
And see faces
Hot with gin

Over the night
Streams of pearls

There isn't much here
So lets begin
Nine miles
Down the roadside
We saw shrines
That illuminate the desert

What did you know
When you last saw
The leaning tower

Go gently into the horizon
The seabirds will bring you
Ribbons from our monarch

Dance and swig
That jug beside the lantern
I'll see you again
Ashore in Corsica

***

(untitled)

Yes indeed
This sunny afternoon
Is full of lilac temples
Where motorized voices
Repeat
The same soliloquy of emerald
The canopies are operational
The submariners signal
To the steel obelisk ashore
And an opaque haze
Is all there was

Get a little on down the tracks
And you'll see magnificence
Taj Mahal
We've got one of those
Just off there to your right
See the sights mister

We've got everything
In a little glass bottle
And it sure ain't marmalade

****

(untitled)

It was two in the morn
When I saw that bright streak
Of light……like a javelin
Or an arrow from Orion

I will never forget
That city street
Where the gas lamps glow
That deep flowing gate
To the other side of a dream

Through the windows
And pillars…….Ionic
I saw the symmetric hymn in vision

****

The Statue Gods

I'm thinking about
All of them drifting summer stars
All of them
Like Egyptian pyramids twinkling

I know it sounds like sermon
But listen through the seashell
And you'll hear
The parted sea

O' my gardenia sanctuary
My escape from the world
From the telephoned dreary……
Give us your loot scams
Machines do the talking
Someplace on the radio band

I want ceramic landmarks
To discover from the sea
We sailed from Portugal
In the rose petal afternoon

We aligned the sextant
With the Hydra
Up there in the heavenly
Realm of the transmitting tower

North by longitude……..
Send it out in odes
And morse code……iambic
Pentameter……and the ship's hull
Seething with Neptunian
Visions glaring and anointed

Statued deities
Buried up to neck
On remote islands
Full of love for the Sun

We arrived here
During the morning's eulogy
And ventured towards
The octaval shrine
Where moonlight
Had done its blessing
During the night

***

Telegraph Lines (pt 1)

The telegraph lines
Sure they are
Electric dynamo
Hermes got here first
Faster than a hare
Would you believe
Would you believe
The dust storm
Was full of……
Golden calves
They were forged
Where eyes beheld
A mountain
Don't think about it
Make it come alive
With your shouting voice
Proclaim……
Dining cars…….and box cars

This train's last dreaming voyage
What do you decree
From that horn of yours
Saxophone mandalas
Great goblets of the good wine
From the vineyard divine
Among the clouds

***

for Hera

What do you behold
In such an elegance
Misted and feathered…..
With peacock eyes of oracle

A star adorned divination
Luminates this portrait
Of Hellenism sapphired

This Ionian night
Mystified and aflame
In hallowed presence

I wander the saturnian…….
Expanse of veils

Drink this wine with me
And taste the clarinet sky

How the many suitors have forgotten
The tragedy of the bow

Ithaca……your shore of orchids
Their bones yielded to the asp

This diamond hemisphere
Your realm enshrined
In the offerings of the chalice

Your name……..such
An incensed venom
Whispered upon the reckless mariners
Who defy the proclaimed
Boundary of your eyes

The shipwreck strewn isles
These mist shrouded
Sepulchers of sleep

Your scepter
Shall advance the Sun
To zenith……and a decree
Of dominion fated
For an eternal meridian
Of your majesty

***

(untitled)

Don't you find your afternoon
Taken away?
Damn……these bones
Are getting slower…….old
But I can still feel
That train coming along
Far away…….. I hear it now

Into the station
All aboard
We want to go fast
Take us places
Landscapes that'll be resurrected
A new mortality of stone
We'll seek our penance there

We want these lonesome fissures mended
Tell us all about it
In the evening post

Tell us about…….
Ziggurats
You don't see one of those everyday

***

The Approach

Gleaming in the sphere of creation
Through a captain's spyglass
You are seen
Out on the horizon
A monument of ascendancy

From these waters rise
Sirenic songs
Yet we shall not touch
The phalanx of the rocks

O' Sibylline cascade
A downward flowing
Stream of oracle

We approach the misted harbor
A cathedral signals
Its spiring minstrel venerated

A bell tolls and resounds across
The Apollonian hued sky

A bright and fiery
Rise and fall
For those who seek
To outshine the Sun
Death will have its coin

***

(untitled)

The ninth hour
Chimes its arrival
Smokescreens blanket
The marsh reeds……and sacrificial
Steadfast proclamations
Sound across
The telegraph wires
Waiting here…..waiting here
In western night
I sense a deep conviction
The miner's star…….he looked upon
The pickaxe and the tambourine
Get those stones moved over
To Persephone's clarinet serenade
What the moonlight gives to us
Everyone there……along the crossroads
Waiting for the arrival
Of a promised kingdom

Avalanche of chrysanthemums
The rich soil breathes its myths
The sail boats jet beneath the Olympian sconces
Sweetest ambrosia of the gilded clouds
Adorned in fleeces glowing
These chimes sound in the wind once more

How it is a vexing illusion
There in the desert
A mirage of palm
And chaliced water
A royal throne here empty and bequeathed

To the weary wanderer fooled by the Stars

***

(untitled)

We drink with the night
And the night drinks with us
We play our guitars
Beside the placid water
The sea……. Mystifying
We awaken in serenity
This hour is an ecstasy of time

We dance in thought
To endless violins
Moments
Recede
And are awash anew

A tidal soliloquy
Spoken in the verse
Of moonlight

Soon the gardens
And balconies
Will be draped with the dawn

The sky will be aglow
I will look to the east
And think about
Long bright days taken by the Sun

Then there will be
Such an eloquent fire
The mortar and pestle discovery
Golden and vanishing

Some wanderers will listen
To the cacophony from minarets
Spoken in absolute lines of offering

So much that we've seen
That was unreal
Tell us
As we rest beside the statue

The iron gated sanctuaries
Of old weary dreams
Each morning
Through stained glass
Will be anointed in repose

***

A Festival of Illumination

The concrete arc
Over the bay
Pillar of Prometheus
Colossus……..enormous
To the gull in flight
Amidst streams of regal Sun

The morning is a fiery oasis

I can hear it all from here
That ceaseless caravan
The tides keep
To their whims of decree
I hear a fog horn
But only in wish
It wasn't until seventeen……
That anyone dreamed
A scene here of vision

And conquest
Of the voiced ether

O' the melody
Leaping from wave to wave

Monuments of Sun glare
Line the shores
Offerings and quick summer oracle

A festival of illumination

****

The City Across the Bay

Over and over
I have gazed
Upon this same scene
Across the marshes
The red rubied
City bright…..prismed and electrified
Brighter than them all

In this black mirror of night
Now I have seen
This alluring radiance
Since before when

Across the nomadic expanse
Of inlets and reeds
Where blue crabs march
In legions beneath the brackish water
And there beyond
Buildings……balconies
Each of their own chronicle

I have often seen this fusion
Of skyline and neon
Where voices speak in multitudes
And engines quake
The residual stillness
Of a solitary isle……charted and beheld
By the mariner out to sea

***